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HOMELAND,

BY

HENRY D. TYLER.

OCTOBER 18th, 1883.



♦HOMELAND,♦

Respectfully Dedicated to Mrs. Antoinette Brown,

BY

HENRY D. TYLER.

In simple verse I fain would tell
 T 31 2
 Of Homeland, nature's child,
Where art revealed her charms so well,
 T 32
 She through her elf locks smiled,

And like a wood-nymph shy withal,
 Came forth to greet our eyes,
To show mankind once since the fall,
 A glimpse of Paradise.

This Highland Home embowered in green,
 Its face is pure as dew,
Its pretty lawn of graceful mien,
 Has flowers of varied hue.

As Seasons in their annual rounds,
 To song of bird and rill
Here lightly press these sylvan grounds,
 We drink the cup they fill.

Behold the Hudson at her feet,
 Its bosom gently bears
The panting steam, the snowy fleet,
 Life's freight of joys and cares.

Above the tossing plume-like trees,
 Fair Newburgh greets the sun;
There Freedom's flag still woos the breeze,
 Unfurled by Washington.

Here Storm-king lifts his beakling form,
 Above the rifting clouds,
He smiles in sunshine, weeps in storm,
 And hides in misty shrouds.

Here gleaming spears of coming day
 Pierce through the curtained night,
Grim mountain shadows flee away
 Before the king of light.

Homeland! thy walks and shady nooks,
 Each generous branching tree,
With woodland songsters joyous notes,
 Proclaim felicity.

On Chapel rock our dreams bring back
The deeds of by-gone years,
Again bold Hudson's little bark
Along these shores appears.

"Burgoyne surrenders!" freemen cry:
Look! quick! in yonder glen,
There sneaks the traitor, lurks the spy,
The scion of all brave men.

Though Eagles at the gates defy,
The guests need have no fear,
The mansion gained, they soon deserv
The cheerful "Welcome Here."

The spacious doors wide open stand,
Warm greetings to impart,
The winsome Hostess' kindly hand
Gives token of her heart.

Within the mansion, art has sought
To charm the eager gaze,
Rare pictures fill the soul with thought,
And silence bespeaks praise.

Here where kindness has subdued
The fever fret of day,
We yield the mete to fair Gertrude,
To goodness, homage pay.

The feast is spread, the happy throng
Make wit and merriment,
A feast of gladness, to prolong
The hours of sweet content.

In such a home how good to see
The smile that friendship wears,
No gem from mine or deepest sea,
In brilliancy, compares.

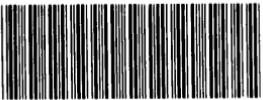
Homeland is mirrored on the heart,
Her charms still haunt the eye,
Nor shall her image e'er depart,
Till beauty's self shall die.

May all good angels her defend,
May fairies join their band,
May plenty smile and health attend,
In blessings on Homeland.

Homeland, }
Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, }

October 18th, 1883.

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